

SHAKESPEARE'S
KING RICHARD III.

ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE EXCLUSIVELY
FROM THE AUTHOR'S TEXT,

BY

HENRY IRVING,

AND ORIGINALLY PRODUCED JANUARY 29, 1877,

AT THE

LYCEUM THEATRE.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY E. S. BOOT, 38, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

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P R E F A C E.

IN the task of arranging SHAKESPEARE'S KING RICHARD III. for stage representation—which it has been thought desirable to place before the public in book form—I have been actuated by an earnest wish to rescue from the limbo of “plays for the closet—not for the stage,” a tragedy, which, in my humble opinion, possesses a variety of action, and a unity of construction, which readily account for its great popularity in the days of the author.

The taste of a succeeding generation overlaid it with ornament as antagonistic to the fashions of our own day as the hair powder and knee-breeches which were then indispensable to the recognised tragic dress. But while fashions change, truth remains unalterable, and the words of Shakespeare now speak to the human soul of human passions as clearly as

English
res.

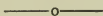
when they were written, and require no interpolations to convey their lesson to succeeding generations.

Of the favour with which this version of RICHARD III. has been received it is not for me to speak. I trust, however, it is not egotism that induces me to add, that the crowning satisfaction to me of this revival, has been the thought, that, by this successful restoration of the text of Shakespeare to the London stage, I have been able to lay a laurel spray on the grave of my honoured and regretted friend, the late manager of the Lyceum Theatre.

HENRY IRVING.

Feb. 1877.

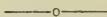
PERSONS REPRESENTED.



KING EDWARD IV.	Mr. BEAUMONT.	
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES {	Sons to the {Miss BROWN.
RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK... }	King. {	...Miss HARWOOD.
GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE {	Brothers to the King. {	Mr. WALTER BENTLEY.
RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER, afterwards KING RICHARD III.Mr. HENRY IRVING.
HENRY EARL, OF RICHMOND, afterwards Henry VII.	} Mr. E. H. BROOKE.	
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury...	Mr. COLLETT.	
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM	Mr. T. SWINBOURNE.	
DUKE OF NORFOLK	Mr. HARWOOD.	
LORD RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen ...	Mr. CARTON.	
LORD HASTINGS	Mr. R. C. LYONS.	
LORD STANLEY.....	Mr. PINERO.	
LORD LOVEL	Mr. SERJEANT.	
MARQUIS OF DORSET {	Sons to the {Mr. SEYMOUR.
LORD GREY }	Queen. {	Mr. ARTHUR DILLON.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF	Mr. LOUTHER.	
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY	Mr. J. ARCHER	
SIR JAMES TYRREL	Mr. A. STUART.	
SIR JAMES BLUNT	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.	
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY	Mr. H. SMYLES.	
Dr. SHAW	Mr. TAPPING.	
LORD MAYOR.....	Mr. ALLEN.	
FIRST MURDERER	Mr. T. MEAD.	
SECOND MURDERER	Mr. HUNTLEY.	
QUEEN MARGARET (Widow of Henry VI.).....	Miss BATEMAN.	
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Miss PAUNCEFORT.	
DUCHESS OF YORK	Mrs. HUNTLEY.	
LADY ANNE	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN	

Pages, Ladies, Nobles, Soldiers, Aldermen, Messengers, &c.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY,



ACT I.

SCENE.—A STREET.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—KING'S ANTE-CHAMBER.

SCENE. II.—PRISON IN THE TOWER.

SCENE III.—ANTE-CHAMBER.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—CHAMBER IN THE TOWER.

SCENE II.—HASTINGS HOUSE.

SCENE III.—COUNCIL CHAMBER IN BAYNARD'S
CASTLE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

SCENE II.—ROOM IN THE TOWER.

SCENE III.—TOWER HILL.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—RICHMOND'S ENCAMPMENT.

SCENE II.—THE ROYAL TENT.

SCENE III.—RICHMOND'S TENT.

SCENE IV.—THE BATTLE FIELD.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings ;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph,—

I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them :—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity ;
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And, if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mewed up—
 About a prophecy, which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. —
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRACKENBURY.

Brother, good-day. What means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace ?

Clar.

His majesty,

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed

This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers :

But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I protest

As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,

He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;

And says a wizard told him that by G

His issue disinherited should be ;

And, for my name of George begins with G,

It follows in his thought that I am he :

Glo. Why, this it is when men are ruled by women

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;

My Lady Grey—his wife, Clarence, 'tis she

That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she and that good man of worship,

Anthony Woodville, her brother there,

That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,

We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.

Glo. I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,

If we will keep in favour with the king,

To be her men and wear her livery :

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;

His majesty hath straitly given in charge

That no man shall have private conference—

Of what degree soever—with his brother.

Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say :

We speak no treason, man ;—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen

Well-struck in years, fair, and not jealous :—

We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :—
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore ? I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave :—wouldst thou betray
me ?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me ; and,
withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in—

Were it to call king Edward's widow sister—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you :
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce ; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and *Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return !
Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here ? the new-delivered Hastings !

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain ;
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience noble lord, as prisoners must :
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence
too ;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevailed as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mewed,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad ?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home,—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

Enter Attendants bearing the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
 Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!
 Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[The bearers take up the corpse.]

GLOSTER *advances.*

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul, I'll make a corse of him that disobeys !

First Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmannered dog ! stand thou when I command : Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The bearers set down the coffin.]

Anne. Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not.

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of heaven nor man :

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry !
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
I did not kill your husband.

Anne.

Why, then, he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest : Queen Margaret
saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast.
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Then, God grant me too,
Thou mayest be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help to send him thither.
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But gentle Lady Anne—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accursed effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck ;

You should not blemish if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life,

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death
thy life !

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

Glo. Here.

Anne. Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisk's, to strike thee dead !

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
 For now they kill me with a living death.
 Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
 Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
 No, when my father York and Edward wept,
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
 When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him ;
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
 Told the sad story of my father's death,
 And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,
 That all the standers by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees bedashed with rain : in that sad time
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing words ;
 But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
 Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry ;—

[She offers at it with his sword.

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that stabbed young
 Edward ;—

[She again offers at his breast.

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and even with the word,
 This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
 Shall for thy love kill a far truer love,
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. 'Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you to leave these sad
designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place :
Where—after I have solemnly interred,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve :
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No, to Whitefriars ; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest with the corpse.*

Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her ;—but I will not keep her long.

What ! I, that killed her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her—all the world to nothing ! Ha !

My dukedom to a beggarly denier.

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man,

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass :

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, RIVERS, and GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me ;

Riv. The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young ; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet ;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Buc. Good time of day unto your royal grace.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley ?

Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment ?

Buc. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Desiring to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain ;
He has sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—but that will never
be ;

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it ;
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fills his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks.

Rivers. To whom in all this presence speaks your
grace ?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee ? when done thee wrong ?—
Or thee ?—or thee ?—or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all !

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter :

Glo. I cannot tell :—the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster ;

You envy my advancement and my friends' ;
Heaven grant we never may have need of you !

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
you ;

Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful
height

From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord ; for—

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers !—why, who knows not
so ?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not ? She may—ay, marry, may she—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too ;
 I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
 Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs ;
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
 Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid
 Than a great queen, with this condition,
 To be so baited, scorned, and stormed at ;
 Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king ?
 Tell him, and spare not ; look, what I have said
 I will avouch in presence of the king :
 'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.
 Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
 I was a packhorse in his great affairs ;
 A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
 A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
 To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.
 I would to Heaven my heart were flint like Edward's,
 Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine ;
 I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
 Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
 We followed then our lord, our lawful king ;
 So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be—I had rather be a pedlar ;

Far be it from my heart, the thought of it !

[*Advancing.*

Q. Mar. Hear me, you wrangling pirates,
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?
If not, that I being queen you bow like subjects,
Yet that by you deposed you quake like rebels ?—
O, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marred ;

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me—
And thou, a kingdom—all of you, allegiance ;
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
His curses, then, from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fallen upon thee :
And God, not we, have plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Mar. Did York's dread curse prevail so much
with heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !
 If not by war, by surfeit die your king !
 As ours by murder, to make him a king !
 Edward, thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward, my son, which was Prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
 Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death,
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Decked in thy glory, as thou'rt stalled in mine !
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
 And, after many lengthened hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—
 Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by—
 And so wast thou, Lord Hastings—when my son
 Was stabbed with bloody daggers: God, I pray Him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlooked accident cut off !

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
 'The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glo. Ha ?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy, then : for I did think
 'That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but looked for no reply.
 O, let me make the period to my curse !

Glo. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against
 yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
 fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
 To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-backed
 toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
 Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all moved
 mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Rivers. Dispute not with her, she's a lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquiss, you are malapert :
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them ;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ; learn it, learn it, marquiss.

Rivers. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : but I was born so high :
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas ! alas !
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest :—
O God, thou seest it, do not suffer it ;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there wake God's gentle sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !

Look, when he fawns he bites : and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :

Have not to do with him, beware of him ;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him ;

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel ?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's [Exit.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine.

Glo. I cannot blame her : by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong ; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you—
And for your grace—and you, my noble lord.

Q. Eliz. I come. [Exeunt all but GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mishiefs that I set abroad

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness—
 I do bewEEP to many simple gulls ;
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, and Buckingham,
 And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now they believe it ; and, withal whet me
 To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
 Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil :
 And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends, stolen out of holy writ ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
 But soft—here come my executioners.

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates !
 Are you now going to despatch this thing ?

First Murd. We are, my lord, and come to have
 the warrant,
 That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me :

[Gives the Warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
 But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;
 For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand
 to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers ; be assured
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fool's eyes
drop tears :

I like you lads ;—about your business straight ;
Go, go, despatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

[Draws curtain—Discovers CLARENCE on couch.]
Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian-faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days—
So full of dismal terror was the time !

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you,
tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;
And in my company my brother Gloster ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk.

As we paced along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
 Stopped in my soul, and would not let it forth.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life ;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul !
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night,
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cried aloud—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanished : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud—
*Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !—*
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell—
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
I promise you, I'm afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
I pray thee, stay by me :
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord : Heaven give your grace good
rest !—

[CLARENCE sleeps.]

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares :

Enter the two Murderers.

1st Murd. Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow ? and how cam'st thou hither ?

1st Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief ?

Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our commision, and talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands :—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep,—and there the keys.
I'll to the king ; and signify to him
That thus I have resigned to you my charge.

1st Murd. You may, sir ; 'tis a point of wisdom :

Fare you well.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

2nd Murd. No ; he'll say 'twas done cowardly when he wakes.

1st Murd. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

2nd Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

1st Murd. The urging of that word, *judgment*, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

2nd Murd. What, art thou afraid ?

1st Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant ; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend me.

2nd Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

1st Murd. So I am, to let him live.

2nd Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

1st Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little : I hope this holy humour will change ; it was wont to hold me but while one could tell twenty.

2nd Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now ?

1st Murd. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

2nd Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

1st Murd. Come, he dies ; I had forgot the reward.

2nd Murd. Where's thy conscience now ?

1st Murd. In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

2nd Murd. What if it come to thee again ?

1st Murd. I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward : a man cannot steal but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear but it checks him ; 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found ; it beggars any man that keeps it : it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing : and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

2nd Murd. It is now even at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

1st Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not : he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

2nd Murd. I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

1st Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work ?

2nd Murd. Take him over the head with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

1st Murd. O excellent device ! and make a sop of him.

2nd Murd. Soft ! he wakes.

Within 1st Murd. Strike ! [*Exeunt Murderers*

Clar. Where art thou, keeper ? give me a cup of wine.

1st Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Within 2nd Murd. Ay, thus, and thus ! [*Stabs him.*]

If this will not serve,

I'll chop thee in the malmsey-butt within.

Re-enter 1st Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately performed !

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous-guilty murder done !

Re-enter 2nd Murd. How now ? what mean'st thou,
that thou help'st me not ?

By Heaven, the duke shall know how slack thou art.

1st *Murd.* I would he knew that I had saved his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

2nd *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward as thou art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Until the duke take order for his burial;

And when I have my meed, I must away;

For this will out, and here I must not stay. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS,
HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others discovered.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*To the QUEEN*], but with all duteous
love

Doth cherish you and yours, Heaven punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king and queen !
And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day :
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night :
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :
I would to Heaven all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offered love for this ?
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows
he is !

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was reversed.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

Enter STANLEY.

Stan A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I prithee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. What is it thou demand'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life :
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother killed no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,
Kneeled at my feet, and bade me be advised ?
Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?
The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life ;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God ! I fear Thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness ! Marked you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Looked pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
O ! they did urge it still unto the king :
God will revenge it.

Stan. But what was his offence ?
Where was the evidence that did accuse him ?
To punish him with death was most unlawful,
Heaven pardon them that were the cause thereof.

Buck. A virtuous and a christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done harm to us.

Glo. (*Aside.*) So do I ever, being well advis'd ;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. I fear the king will die !

Stan. God help the while,

Buck. Woe to the land that's govern'd by a child !

Glo. Come, come, we fear the worst : all will be
well.

Buck. When clouds are seen wise men put on
their cloaks

All may be well ; but if Heaven sort it so

'Tis more than I expect.

Glo. Come let us go,
To comfort Edward with our company.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BRAKENBURY and a Gentleman meeting.

Brak. Whither away?

Gent. I promise you, I scarcely know myself :
The king is dead.

Brak. Then look to see a troublous world.

Exeunt.

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, RIVERS and DORSET
following her.*

Q. Eliz. Who, who shall hinder me to wail and weep?

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,
Let him be crowned : in him your comfort lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,
RATCLIFF, and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace :—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy
breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen ; [*Aside*] and make me die a good old
man !—

This is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;
 I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing
 peers,

That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love :
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young king be fetched
 Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
 Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
 To give your censures in this business ?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
 For Heaven's sake, let not us two stay at home
 For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
 To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
 My oracle my prophet !—My dear cousin,
 I, as a child will go by thy direction.
 Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

The trumpets sound. The PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, and others discovered.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Those uncles which you want were dangerous :
Your grace attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false
friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they
were none.

I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no !

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating
lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord : what, will our mother come ?

Hast. The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary : the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers !—Lord Cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

[*Trumpet.*

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.

May. Heaven bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all.—

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation,

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham—
An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I live a king.

Glo. (Aside.) Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother—to our grief, as it is yours
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;

But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart ?

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you'll part with but light
gifts :

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear,

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord ?

York. I would that I might thank you as you
called me.

Glo. How ?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk ;
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Glo. So wise, so young ; they say do ne'er live long.
My lord, will 't please you pass along ?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ;
My grandam told me he was murdered there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking of them, go I unto the tower.

[*Exeunt PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS, CARDINAL,
and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt : O 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart ;
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then no more but this ; go gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

Glo. Commend me to lord William ; tell him Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle ;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glo. Chop off his head, man ;—somewhat we will do :—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables
Whereof the king my brother was possessed,

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
 Meanwhile good cousin, hie thee to Guildhall,
 There to the gentle Mayor and Citizens
 Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
 And bestial appetite in change of lust,
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 With this insatiate Edward, noble York,
 My princely father, then had wars with France ;
 And, by true computation of the time,
 Found that the issue was not his begot ;
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
 Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
 As if the golden fee for which I plead
 Were for myself ; and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
 Castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied
 With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go, my lord.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
 Go thou to Friar Penker ;—bid them both
 Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I go, to take some privy order
 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
 And to give notice, that no manner of person
 Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. *Exit.*

SCENE II. *Lord Hastings' House.*

Enter HASTINGS meeting a Messenger.

Hast. What is't o'clock ?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then ?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
 He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure—

If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;

Bid him not fear the separated councils :

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow :

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good-morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good-morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring ;
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cate, It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
 And I believe will never stand upright
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! *wear the garland !* dost thou mean
 the crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
 shoulders
 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his party, for the gain thereof :
 And, thereupon, he sends you this good news—
 That this same very day your enemies,
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
 Because they have been still my enemies :
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. Heaven keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence—

That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you—
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good-morrow; and good-morrow,
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,

Was it so precious to me as 'tis now :

Think you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure,

What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what,
my lord ?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads

Than some that have accused them wear their hats,

But come, my lord, let's away.

SCENE III.—*Interior of Baynard's Castle.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF
ELY, CATESBY, LOVELL, *and others, sitting at a*
table ; Officers of the council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation :

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stan. They are : and wants but nomination.

Lovel. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?

Lovel. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind.

Buck. Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well :
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Cate. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good-morrow :
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounced your part—
I mean, your voice—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings no man might be
bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[Takes him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning ;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit,
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face.

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whose'er they be :
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil !
Look how I am bewitched ; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up :
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord—

Glo. *If!* thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of *ifs* ?—Thou art a traitor :—
Off with his head !—now, by Saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.—
 Look that it be done ;
 The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, and Council.

Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
 Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GLOSTER and CATESBY.

Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
 I took him for the plainest harmless creature
 That breathed upon the earth a Christian.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. How now, how now ! what say the citizens ?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touched you the bastardy of Edward's
 children.

Buck. I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
 Untouched, or slightly handled, in discourse.
 And, when my oratory grew toward end,
 I bade them that did love their country's good
 Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king !*

Glo. And did they so ?

Buck. No, they spake not a word
 But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
 Stared each on other, and looked deadly pale.
 Which when I saw I reprehended them ;
 And asked the mayor, what meant this wilful silence ;
 His answer was, the people were not used
 To be spoke to but by the recorder.
 Then he was urged to tell my tale again ;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred ;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they ! Would
 they not speak ?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear ;
 Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our requests.

Glo. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go ; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit* GLOSTER.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;

I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day :

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof :
But sore I fear we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, Heaven defend his grace should say
us nay !

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again ;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace ?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warned thereof before ;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love—
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two
Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two cler-
gymen !

Buck. Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye :
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord : would it might please
your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptered office of your ancestors,
We heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land :
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
 Therefore—to speak and to avoid the first ;
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last—
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable shuns your high request.

Buck. Good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffered benefit of dignity ;
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

Cate. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit !

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?
 I am unfit for state and majesty :
 I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;
 I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it—as in love and zeal,
 Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,
 As well we know your tenderness of heart,

Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house :
 And in this resolution here we leave you.—
 Come, citizens ! zounds I'll entreat no more.

Glo. Oh do not swear, my lord of Buckingham !

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their
 suit ;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Call them again. I am not made of stone,

[*Exit* CATESBY.

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage grave men,
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load
 But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof :
 For, God he knows, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace ! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE. I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, *as King, upon his throne* ; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :

But shall we wear these glories for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed :

Young Edward lives ;—think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so :—but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live—*true, noble prince !*—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
 And I would have it suddenly performed.
 What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
 freezes:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
 dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:
 I will resolve you herein presently.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
 And unrespective boys: none are for me
 That look into me with considerate eyes:—
 High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
 Boy!—

Page. My Lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
 Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
 Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
 Gold were as good as twenty orators,
 And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him
 hither.

Exit Page.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
 No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
 Hath he so long held out with me untired,
 And stops he now for breath ?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley ! what's the news ?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
 The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
 To Richmond.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby ; rumour it abroad
 That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;
 I will take order for her keeping close.
 Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out
 That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die :
 About it :

[Exit CATESBY.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
 Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :
 Murder her brothers, and then marry her ?
 Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
 So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin :
 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies.
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, *Tyrrel*:

Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so:—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [Exit.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look
to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawned;
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king !—perhaps—

Buck. My lord—

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at
that time.

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom—

K. Rich. Richmond !—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it Rouge-mont : at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
 With such contempt? made I him king for this?
 O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
 To Richmond, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the Tower.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind;
But, O, the devil!—there the villain stopped;
 When Dighton thus told on—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.—

Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy, then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
 His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage ;
 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom ;
 And Anne my wife hath bid this world good-night.
 Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
 To her, go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly ?

Cate. Bad news, my lord ; Morton is fled to
Richmond ;

And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Morton with Richmond troubles me more
near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come—I have learned that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :

Go muster men : my counsel is my shield ;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Tower Hill.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fixed in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation !

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Why should calamity be full of words ?

Eliz. Let them have scope : though what they do impart

Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

[*Drum without.*

Duch. I hear his drum.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee—
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done !

Q. Eliz. Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Where is thy brother Clarence ?

Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets !—strike alarum, drums !

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed : strike, I say !

[*Flourish. Alarums.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son ?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. Oh, let me speak,
I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee,
Heaven knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that
called your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pray thee hear me speak.
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So!—

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance:
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit
to curse

Abides in me ; I say *Amen* to her.

[*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter.

K. Rich. You have a daughter called Elizabeth, Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O let her live.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
All unavoided is the doom of destiny,
Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harmed !

Q. Eliz. Be brief.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. So, *from* thy soul's love, did'st thou love
her brothers ;

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning ;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich.

Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward and York ; then, haply, will she weep :
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
And her uncle Rivers ;

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way ;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age,
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ?

K. Rich. In her consists my happiness and thine
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* *Exit* QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF.

How now ! what news ?

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a goodly navy ;
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
 Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself—or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Ratcliff, come hither : post to Salisbury ;

When thou com'st thither—Dull, unmindful villain,

[*To* CATESBY.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me
 What from your grace I shall deliver him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby :—bid him levy
 The greatest strength and power he can make,
 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is changed.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !
White-livered runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossessed?

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord ; my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me : what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king :
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond :

But I'll not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful ;
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men. But leave
behind

Your son, George Stanley ; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
Sir Edward Courtney,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

Second Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords
in arms ;
And every hour more competitors.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?
[*He strikes him*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered;
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,

Rich. That's the best news!

Cate. The Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we
reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost:

Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Richmond's Tent.*

Enter RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD,
SIR JAMES BLUNT *and other* Officers.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know ?

Blunt. His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
In to my tent ; the air is raw and cold.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Richm. All comfort be to thy person, noble
father-in-law !

Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
In brief—for so the season bids us be—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
With best advantage I'll deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
Adieu :—be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take some rest ;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Exeunt Officers, &c., with STANLEY.]

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in Thy victory !
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still !

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Richard's Tent.*

*Enter, to his Tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF,
and CATESBY, &c.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord ;

It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was ?

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff.—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms.

To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—

Give me a bowl of wine :

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch ; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt* RATCLIFF, CATESBY, &c.]

The Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !—

The Ghost of HASTINGS.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on Lord Hastings : despair, and die !—

The Ghost of the young Prince.

Ghost. Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !—

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy
wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations ;
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !—

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death!
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse—bind up my wounds—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I.

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream,—

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.]

SCENE III.—*Richmond's Tent.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, and others.

Blunt. How have you slept, my lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
How far into the morning is it?

Blunt. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.—

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
 The leisure and enforcement of the time
 Forbids to dwell upon : yet remember this—
 God and our good cause fight upon our side
 The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
 Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces ;
 Richard except, those whom we fight against
 Had rather have us win than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant and a homicide ;
 One raised in blood, and one in blood established ;
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, bold and cheerfully ;
 God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Richard's Tent.*

KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Guard,
discovered.

Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat.

Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the
book,

He should have braved the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the
field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my
horse;—

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered:—

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well-winged with our chieftest horse.
 This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st
 thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
 This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich. [Reads.] *Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold
 For Dickon thy master is bought
 and sold.*

A thing devised by the enemy.—
 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
 For conscience is a word that cowards use,
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe :
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
 A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 These famished beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves..
 If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Breagnes,

Enter RATCLIFF.

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head !

Nor. My lord, the enemy is passed the marsh ;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. Hark ! I hear their drum !
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards ! set upon our foes !
Our ancient word of courage fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
March, on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell.
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Bosworth Field.*

Alarum : Excursions. Enter NORFOLK to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger ;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse,

Cate. Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Re-enter, KING RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat, and flourish. Then re-enter RICHMOND and STANLEY, bearing the crown, and divers other Lords and Forces.

THE END.

THE PRESS ON RICHARD III.

The TIMES says:—

"In this play Mr. Irving surpasses all his former representations of the characters of Shakespeare. For the acting version at the Lyceum much has, of course, been excised from the printed text, but not more, we think, than may be held necessary to bring the performance within the needful limits of time. The result is a perfectly continuous and intelligible dramatic piece, and we shall be much surprised if Cibber's *Richard III.* is not now sent to keep company with Garrick's *Hamlet*, and Nahum Tate's *King Lear*."

The TELEGRAPH says:—

"An audience who have not felt one moment of weariness through the five acts, gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Irving and his associates in art for an evening's enjoyment of the highest intellectual kind. This remarkable revival of a play which comes upon the Town like a new revelation of Shakespeare's grandeur of conception and treatment is destined to a long career, if the measure of public patronage be proportioned to the amount of care bestowed on the production."

The DAILY NEWS says:—

"The determination of the management of the Lyceum Theatre to revive Shakespeare's *Richard III.* in the place of the long established acting version of Colley Cibber, is one which must secure to them the sympathy of all persons of cultivated taste."

The STANDARD says:—

"Those who see the work as Shakespeare left it—except, of course, for some few transpositions and necessary excisions—will find the fact that Cibber's mutilation has kept a place upon the boards more than ever surprising."

The MORNING POST says:—

"*Richard III.* was presented last evening at the Lyceum in a form more genuinely Shakesperian as regards diction than the present generation of players has as yet had the privilege to witness. Too much importance cannot be

attached to the maintenance in all its purity and integrity of such a drama as this, which, as Ochelhauser felicitously remarks, is 'the significant boundary-stone separating the works of Shakspeare's youth from the immortal works of the period of his full splendour.' Much credit is therefore due to a management which reverently seeks to preserve intact the text of the great dramatist, and which in this case restores to us several features which in point of poetry have high value and attraction."

The GLOBE says:—

A graceful play, with progressive acting and sustained interest, was obtained without any employment of the famous or infamous alterations of Cibber. It seems as if that utterance once thought axiomatic that Shakespeare spells ruin, is being disproved in every respect.

The SATURDAY REVIEW says:—

The production of *RICHARD III.* last Monday had a double interest in its being, as far as we know, the first restoration to the stage of the original text since the days of Burbage, and the occasion of Mr. Irving's appearance in a part for which his powers have always seemed eminently fitted.

The WORLD says:—

The method of condensation adopted at the Lyceum Theatre has certainly produced an effective acting drama, in the course of which no line is spoken which is not contained in Shakespeare's play.

The SPECTATOR says:—

This is not the usual *Richard III.* of playgoers, namely, Colley Cibber's version, but the play as Shakespeare wrote it. That is, it is Shakespeare's, but not in its entirety, many scenes having been omitted, and a few of the incidents altered in their order, to bring it within the compass of an evening's entertainment. The original play, indeed, is far too long for the patience of a nineteenth century audience.

The ATHENÆUM says:—

Mr. Irving is then entitled to the full measure of the credit, whatever that may be, involved in bringing, for the first time, the "Richard the Third" of Shakespeare upon the stage, under conditions which secure it an immediate triumph, and will probably gain it a long run.

